

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 18.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1807.

956.

From the New-England Republican.

EMILY HAMMOND,

An American Novel.

To convey useful instruction without giving offence, is a task attended with peculiar difficulty. When our faults are set before us, even though friendship itself assume the task of correction, the inherent pride of our hearts feels wounded at the fancied reproof, and too often totally weakens every effort for reformation.

Well-drawn sketches of *real life*, however, furnish a mean of instruction which nothing but confirmed baseness of character can render ineffectual. When we see a course of vicious conduct succeeded by disgrace, misfortune, and repentance; and remark the honour, the happiness, and peace of mind, which, even in this life, active Virtue coverts on her votaries, we receive instruction without suspecting it. Imagination and Passion are interested, and leave an impression on the understanding, which formal advice and abstract reasoning could never have produced.

If the following "unvarnished little tale" shall speak Virtue's call to one erring heart, or beguile a single hour from the dullness of *ennui*, or the pursuit of trifles, the relater will think his trouble amply repaid. To correct the passions, to soften and amend the heart, has been his object; applause is not expected, and apology will not be attempted.

In the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. Drey, a young gentleman from the eastern part of Massachusetts. Youthful attachments are frequently less permanent than their early warmth would lead us to expect; new connexions are formed, and new interests arise as our years increase; and leave to friendship but an empty name. But to us, these remarks by no means apply. Though engaged in the most active of all employments, while my life presented little more than a scene of peaceable idleness, he welcomed my frequent visits to his family with all the ardour of youthful friendship. When I felt the warm grasp of his hand, I forgot that I was growing grey, while "the joys of the other times" rose to my memory in colours almost too vivid to permit the reflection that they were never to return!

Mr. Drey married when young. His lady was an accomplished woman, and in her disposition amiable in a high degree. Unlike too many of our fashionable wives, she found her chief happiness in increasing that of her husband; to lighten the pressure of his cares, and multiply the sources of his enjoyment, seemed less her duty than her delight: and in that affectionate interchange of kind offices arising from a reciprocal desire to please, my friend enjoyed a degree of domestic felicity which I shall look in vain to see excelled.

They had two children, one of whom died in early infancy; and on the other, a promising boy, was lavished all the fond attention which should have been divided among a more numerous family. He received an early education,

and, at the age of seventeen, was placed in a course of professional study, under the care of a relation at Philadelphia.

Such was the family of Mr. Drey three years since. My friend now rests in his kindred earth—his amiable wife tenants the clay by his side; while their son, their only and darling child, "the child of many prayers," in whom concentrated all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom alone can feel; this son, it yet alive, is a wanderer in foreign climes—friendless and destitute, and tortured with the "gnawings of that worm which never dies."

My readers will pardon this short characteristic sketch; it is a tribute due to the memory of my friends.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr. Drey was dangerously ill.—Wishing to see him, with as little delay as possible, I took a seat in the mail-stage, as offering the most certain and expeditious manner of travelling. The first day I rode quite alone: the carriage reached New-Haven about midnight; and after a few hours repose, I was summoned to continue my journey towards Boston. As I entered the coach, I observed, by the light of the waiter's lantern, a young lady who had entered before me, and placed herself on the back seat. She was of a delicate form, and apparently in ill health; but the circumstance which most powerfully excited my feelings was that she carried a very young infant, who appeared, like its unfriendless protectress, to be ill prepared for the fatigues of such a journey. The coachman's customary inquiry, "All in?" was answered by a hoarse "yes" from the door, and I found myself on the road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who seemed, at best, friendless, unprotected, and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy. Drowsy through fatigue and want of rest, I drew my cloak around me, and fell into a kind of half-sleep, from which, however, I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which my fellow traveller carried:—"Hush, poor little outcast! hush, my poor babe," said she, in a voice of mournful tenderness, "The world has no pity for you! Oh, it is a cruel world!" She pressed her suffering little one to her bosom, and sobbed in anguish. Here was an appeal to my feelings too powerful to be resisted: in the impulse of the moment, I seated myself close by her side—"Young woman! you seem to be distressed—trust an old man; I can have no interest in deceiving you." "I am distressed!" she replied in a voice scarcely audible;—"but I did not mean to complain."

"Have you travelled far?"

"From Philadelphia, Sir."

"Painful! And you go further still."

"To Boston."

"Who are your friends in Boston?"

She burst into a passion of tears, and I felt I had asked too much—"I have no friends—no home!" she replied—"I expect no pity but from Heaven, and I have forfeited even that.—For myself, I could suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer; but my babe—Oh, Sir! my friendless little one has a better claim to compassion!"

"You have both a claim—and be none the less task to guard you! We are all the children of transgression, and if you have erred more than others, your sufferings must have been in full proportion. You are distressed—I claim your chance on my protection."

There are times when prudence and compassion appear at variance, and when pity would seem to deserve the name of weakness. The suffering sensualist may sneer at my credulity; and that cold, timid selfishness which shelters itself under the sacred garb of prudence may "point its iron frown" at actions which it cannot imitate—little do I care. Be it mine to pity the faults, and soothe the sorrows of a repentant fellow mortal; and if that Being whose highest attribute is mercy, should throw error in my way may I ever be the victim of my heart, rather than the dupe of my head!

When we reached Boston, I procured attendance for my *protégé* at one of the inns, and immediately went to the house of a widow lady, with whom I had been intimately acquainted during a former residence in that town. Mrs. Barlow was a quaker, and possessed, in reality, that purity and simplicity of morals so generally apparent in people of her persuasion. To this woman I immediately related my adventure, and concluded with asking her assistance and protection for the unhappy stranger. The ladies, I am well aware, will frown at this:—"A witless old-cully! Could he not be satisfied with being a fool himself? I wish he had applied to me! I would have shewn him the difference between—." But let's hear what his Mrs. Barlow said to him. "With the smile of angelic benevolence on her face, she replied: 'Friend J—, thou art full of thy whims, but I know thy heart; bring the poor girl to me—I must not be behind thee in succouring the unfortunate!'"

I waited not for a repetition of this offer, and in a few minutes the way-worn sufferer was introduced to a protector of her own sex.—Without waiting for any thing but a hasty refreshment, I borrowed Mrs. Barlow's carriage, and in a few hours had the happiness of embracing my old friend. I found him in much better health than my fears had predicted; his disorder, a severe pleurisy, had yielded to prudent treatment and a good constitution, and he was fast recovering. His son, whom I had not seen for two years, was now at home. This young gentleman seemed exactly what his father was when my acquaintance with him commenced:—A strong cultivated mind, assisted by a literary education, and an unusual proficiency in classic learning: a graceful form; a fine open countenance, and a manly spirit, checked by the restraint of true politeness, rendered Edward Drey not only an object of general esteem, but, in a high degree, what our novel-writing ladies would call a *dangerous man*. He was melancholy, however; some hidden sorrow, which neither the confidence of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of parental tenderness, could elicit, preyed upon his spirits and impaired his health.

(Conclusion in our next.)

THEATRICAL FRACAS.

"I was quartered," said an Irish captain, "in a country town, and I happened to go to 'Venice Preserved,' with a friend, who was a little hard of hearing, and, of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud. Just as I was observing to him that the tallest of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment, a shopkeeper cried—'Silence!' Upon my word, friend," said I, "you give the word of command a little too imperiously." "You must not disturb the company," answered he—"I am afraid," said I, "that we both disturb the company; and so if you please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The shopkeeper declined this, and muttered the word *impertinent*. I was reduced to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. The shopkeeper called on me the next morning; and as this was acting like a gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him—we met accordingly.—The shopkeeper fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. "Now friend," said I, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our dispute may end here; if you are not, you may take another shot." He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

A CHINESE CUSTOM.

THE new year commences, in China, with the new moon, that happens nearest to the time, when the sun is in the 15th degree of Aquarius, and is an important period; not only on account of a universal festivity, during which no business is transacted; but it is the day previous to which all payments must be completed.—In the interval between the solstice and the new year, the creditor is very importunate, and if not satisfied on the last night of the old year, he repairs to the debtor's house, takes his seat, and observes the most profound silence. As soon as midnight is passed, he rises, congratulates the debtor on the new year, and retires. The debtor has then lost his face, and no person will ever trust him afterwards.

NOTICE!

THESE are to certify that my wife Elizabeth (formerly the Widow WILD) too wild to be steered by any compass but one of her own making, and as she has the devil for her pilot, she has altered her course and steered away from me, so that I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

RICHARD JENKINS.

WORLDLY CONCERNS.

A man, some time ago was hanged in Ireland, upon his own land for a murder he had committed there. A little before he was turned off having taken a view of the surrounding country, he cried to his wife very deliberately, and told her that his pigs were rooting up the potatoes in the next field, and desired her to send somebody to drive them out of it.

From the Port Folio.

SORROW.

Wrote yet a child, in playful mood
I gathered pebbles in a wood,
Before my eyes a phantom stood
That struck me with surprise,
It seemed a woman, in her air
Were marks of sadness and despair,
Her face was pale, her bosom bare,
And tears had dimmed her eyes;
Wild was her mein, her head was crown'd
With drooping willows, and around
Her gloomy brows was cypress bound—
Disordered was her hair.
The robe was sackcloth that she wore,
She in her hand a goblet bore,
With bitter waters flowing o'er,
The waters of despair.
'Twas Sorrow—on my infant hand
Her leaden hand the Goddess laid,
'Be thou a child of mine,' she said.
'Let sorrow cloud thy days!
She made me taste the bitter bowl,
I felt the waters chill my soul;
'Thine with my votaries I enrol,
Forsake thy childish plays.
She said—and I forgot my joys,
I dropped my pebbles and my toys,
Forsook the gambols of the boys,
Nor joined their petty strife.
And still with my increasing years,
Increased my sorrows and my fears,
And I've bedewed my part with tears
In every stage of life.

ANNEA.

WILHELM'S DAUGHTER,

A BALLAD.

(Part the First)

LOVE.

SIN Lundenbert was want so much
Of life and fire to have,
None at the feast like him was gay,
None in the field so brave.

Why then all pensive now and sad?
His very heart is torn;
With folded arms, and forehead bent,
He walks the woods forlorn.

No more he seeks the festive dance,
Or courts the ladies' praise,
But on old Wilhelm's cottage he
For many an hour doth gaze.

He shuns the busy haunts of men,
And seeks the spreading groves;
His heart is charmed—his reason shocked—
He Wilhelm's daughter loves.

He methers on the verdant hill,
And on her fix'd his eye;
She blush'd beneath the ardent gaze,
Then hastily pass'd by.

He met her in the lowly vale:
His heart with love did bound,
He snatch'd her sun-burnt hand, and cast
His arm her waist around.

Forth from his grasp her way she broke,
And 'Hence, Sir Knight!' did cry,
'Is this a freedom fit for you,
To one so poor as I?'

The Knight he to his castle went,
And as he went he sigh'd—
'Why is this lovely, lovely girl
To poverty allied?'

The Knight he to his castle went,
And to himself sigh'd he,
'O would to Heaven this lovely girl
Had been of high degree!'

(To be Continued.)

THE HAPPY PAIR.

It was a neat little house, by the side of the field—a pretty looking woman, dressed by Simplicity, the hand maid of Nature, was laying the table cloth and trimming her little parlour; her looks were cheerful and serene, and with a voice pleasing, though untutored, she sung the following stanzas:

Here beneath my humble cot,
Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell,
If contented with our lot,
Smiling joy can grace a cell.

Nature's wants are all supplied,
Food and raiment, house and fire;
Let others swell the courts of pride,
This is all that I require.

Just as she had finished, a genteel young man entered the gate; she ran eagerly to meet him. My dear Charles, she cried, you are too late to night.

It was near ten o'clock I had taken the advantage of my ring, which had the peculiar quality of rendering me invisible to mortal view, and followed them into the house.

I am weary, Betsey, said he, leaning his head upon her shoulder.

I am sorry for it, my love—but rest is welcome to the weary, and refreshment sweet when earn'd by virtuous toil. Let us eat our supper, and retire to rest. Recline your head upon my bosom, and till your cares to rest.

Their frugal meal was bread and butter and salad.

If to be content is to be happy, my dear, said she, how superlatively best am I—I have no wish beyond what our little income will afford me; my home is to me a palace—thy love my estate. I envy not the rich dames who shine in costly array; I please my Charles in my plain simple attire; I wish to please no other.

Thou dear reward of all my toils, said he, embracing her, how can I have a wish ungratified, while possessed of thee? I never desired wealth but for thy sake, and thy cheerful, contented disposition makes wealth unnecessary.

It is by no means necessary to happiness, said I, as I left the house.—Charles and Betsey seem perfectly happy with only a bare competence. I ask but a competence, cries the luxurious or avaricious wretch. The very exclamation convinces us that a trifle is a 'equate to the wants of the humble, frugal mind, while thousands cannot supply the inordinate desires of the prodigal, or satisfy the grasping disposition of the miser.

HAPPINESS.

O happiness! where shall I seek thee? in that dark sequestered corner of the universe hast thou secured thyself? or dost thou in the mansion of luxury, amidst the delights which she procures? Ah no. Rascals, surrounded by all the magnificence of the east, acknowledge with the bitterest feelings of discontent, that there thou resides not. He sigh'd for liberty, which alone was denied him in the "happy valley," and eagerly longed to enter that verdant his warm imagination had painted was a rose, without one corroding thorn. Escaped from confinement, he pursued thee with avidity through every grade of humanity; in the splendor of palaces, and in the simplicity of arched scenes he sought thee; in the abode of science,

946-2m.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

A woman, sauntering near a river's brink,
From thought, or thoughtlessness, or drink,
No matter which, fell in it—
And, as the story goes,
She ended quickly all her earthly woes.
Was drown'd, to speak more plainly in a minute.

Soon as her spouse the tidings new,
Swift as an arrow, to the spot he flew,
The corpse to find, and the last duties pay;
Friend, cried he, with tearful eyes,
If you no where my poor Peggy lies,
Tell me, I pray.

Seek down the stream, said one—Ah, no,
Quoth he, I'd better upwards go—
The wife on whom I doted,
Was so obstinate a jade,
That, by the mass, I'm much afraid,
She 'gainst the stream has floated.

— : o : o : —

MUTUAL LOVE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss—
The tender look, the melting kiss,
E'en years have not destroy'd;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can never be cloyed.

Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee—
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me—
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come)
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest.
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it in my breast.

— : o : —

EPIGRAM.

DEAR Cupid, I cried, do consult with your mother,
To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart—
Kind Cupid obey'd, Venus too play'd her part,
And my Chloe at length fell in love—with another.

NOVELS, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE:

Mrs. Opie's Tales 4 vol. Secret 4 vol. Cecelia 3
vol. Italian 2 vol. Beggar Girl 3 vol. Evelina 2 vol.
Fleetwood 1 vol. Emeline 3 vol. Negro 2 vol. Don
Raphael 2 vol. Clermont 2 vol. Theodore Cyphon,
Abbess 3 vol. Spectator 8 vol. St. Leon 2 vol. Vi-
car of Lonsdon, What has Been, Castle of Otranto,
Lord Rivers, Oakendale Abbey, Beggar Boy,
Gonsalvo the Spanish Knight, Rigid Father, Old
English Baron, She lives in Hopes, English Nun,
Rossesau's Italian Nun, Royal Captives, Delaval,
Zaida, Man of Feeling, D'Israeli's Romances, Na-
ture and Art, Prince of Britany, Charlotte's Letters,
Haunted Cavern, Emelia de Vermont, Osmond, A-
rabian Nights, Tale of the Times, Ortenberg Fam-
ily, &c. &c. Also, a few copies of the Father and
Daughter, and Carl's Northern Summer.

NATURAL & ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

J. Greenwood, Dentist to the late President,
George Washington.

Inform the public that he continues to perform
every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums. Ex-
cept extracting them unless it is necessary to do it for
the purpose of replacing others.

J Greenwood fixes in both natural and artificial
Teeth, from a single one to a complete set. The ap-
probation which the late illustrious Washington was
pleased to bestow on him, he flatters himself, is a
sufficient recommendation of his abilities as a Den-
tist.

Extract from General Washington's letter.

January 6, 1799.

"I always prefer your services to that of any others
in the line of your present profession."

N. B. His prices are very moderate, and no person
as yet has exceeded him in facility and neatness of
performance.

Any person who has the least inclination of being
benefitted by having their teeth preserved, or to have
them replaced by artificial ones, and are deterred from
it by bad advice or temerity, will do well by calling
on J. Greenwood, and receive advice gratis, with ev-
ery necessary explanation concerning the line of his
profession, at his house No. 14 Vesey-Street, direct-
ly opposite the side of St. Pauls church.

May 16.

PETER STUYVERSANT, LADIES SHOE MAKER,

Has removed his store from No. 115 to his old
stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand
a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and
a variety of fancy Kid of all colours, Kid Sandels,
Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the be-
speak line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West-
India market. All orders will be executed with dis-
patch.

May 23.

MILLENARY.

Mrs. Sarah Miller, respectfully informs her friends
and the public in general that she has removed to
No. 148 William-street, opposite the North-Church,
where she has opened a large assortment of Fancy
Millenary, consisting of Leghorn, Split-straw, and
Willow Hats and Bonnets, Artificial and Straw Flow-
ers and Wreaths, and an elegant assortment of Rib-
bons—together with a variety of Dry Goods, elegant
Lace Veils and Cloaks, which she will dispose of at
very reduced prices for cash only.

May 23.

Just received per ship Allegany, from Calcutta,
and for sale by Mrs. Todd, No 92 Liberty-street, an
elegant assortment of fine worked pieces of

India Mullmuls, Gown patterns complete
Cloaks, Vels, Habit Shirts
Striped and checked Doorcahs
Remarkably fine plain Dacca and Nanyasook Muslin
Striped and checked Seersuckers, new handsome
Boglepores of different kinds [figures
Handsome Kid Shoes and Slippers, and various
other articles.

May 23.

NOTICE.

Wooffendale, Dentist, has removed from No. 84
Broadway, to No. 27 Partition-street, opposite the
lower corner of St. Paul's church-yard

May 23

953—3m*

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

By J. Osborn, at his Circulating Library and
Book-Store, No. 13 Park, Price 75 cents,

A satirical Poem, entitled,

FASHION'S ANALYSI,

OR,

A WINTER IN TOWN,

BY SIR ANTHONY AVALANCHE,

With Notes, illustrations, &c.

By Gregory Glacier, Gent

Argument to part 1st.

Invocation—sentiment at a ball—sound logic—a
fop—a woman that would be fashionable—fashionable
woman—a family picture—dialogue between a modern
mother and her daughter—Brag at full length—a mo-
dern tea party, a squeeze, fashionable topics, the stu-
dent in distress, real wit, sham wit, cards, gallery por-
traits, an enquiry after woman as she should be, con-
clusion

May 23

953 tf

TORTOISE SHELLCOMBS.

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' or-
namented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, La-
dies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball, far superior to any
other, for softening, beautifying,
and preserving the skin from cu-
ping, with an agreeable perfume
4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream
for taking off all kinds of roughness
clears and prevents the skin
from chapping. 4s per pot

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s
bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb
Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per
pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pear
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond

Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glo-
wing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from
turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama-
tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per
box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted
Hispurified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical
principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s & 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box.
Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters

Salt of Lemsns for taking out iron mold

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic

Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-

knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. La-

dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but

have their goods fresh and free from adulteration

which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 3, 1807

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,
No 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do do.

Paper do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming and tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Whole-
sale only.

November

926—tf

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON,

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.